

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 51.—VOL. IX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1808.

N. 209.

## THE TWO BROTHERS:

OR,

## ADVENTURES IN A CASTLE.

*Continued.*

THIS demand he was unable to comply with, as he had spent the last hour at the gaming-table. We inspired him with something, like courage, of which his natural disposition was entirely destitute, and snatching up a pistol that lay by his side, he discharged it at the person next him. This was the signal of his fate, the murderers instantly dragged him from his carriage, and buried their poniards in his bosom.

Thus was the miserable death of this wretched being, whose heart was never inspired with one sentiment that would reflect honor to himself, accomplished by the means of his colleague in the atrocious attempt, to deprive his father of life. Such was the end of a life which that one crime indelibly stained, and which had he possessed the talents of the Count de Vauclan, would have been productive of merit to society.

Soon as the murderers had initiated their revenge for the wound he had given them, they returned to the castle to dispose of the trifling booty they had obtained, and convey the wounded villain.

The Count possessed sufficient sagacity to know, that his petty desperation would be of short duration, as the outrages the banditti under his command, had committed in the province, must shortly reach the royal ear, and the consequence would be fatal to him; but it was too late to think of obtaining a pardon, and he flattered himself that he could make his escape at any time, when impious necessity should command such a proceeding. Had the Count de Vauclan been educated in the principles of virtue, he would probably have become an ornament to society, but unlimited indulgence had suffered his good qualities to be obscured and by the continued practice of engaging in bacchanalian feasts and carousals, his heart became at last as depraved as we behold it.

When M. Dupont arrived at Paris, he made a report to the king of the numerous murders and robberies that had been committed in the province of Barcundy. The Duke of Alencon also, who mourned his son cut off in the prime of life by the hands of lawless ruffians, was determined to destroy the combination of the villains who infested this fertile part of the kingdom, and revenge the death of his son. His influence at court was considerable, and he was permitted by the king to lead a body of the regular troops against the Count, to conduct him to the capital, if he made a voluntary surrender of his person, or in case of resistance, to destroy the haunt of the banditti, and bring him to condign punishment. In order to prevent the escape of the Count, the Duke of Alencon, accompanied by Louis Boileau and M. Dupont, with the troops under their authority, marched towards the castle with rapidity, lest the intel-

ligence of their approach should give the alarm, and de Vauclan escape the fate due to his atrocious guilt. But all their caution did not prevent his receiving notice of their arrival, and acting according to the dictates of prudence.—With every necessary precaution to prevent a surprise from the banditti, the troops invested the castle, and a messenger was dispatched to demand the surrender of it to his Majesty's commission; a refusal was the answer, unless the commandant of the party would pledge his honor to procure them a free pardon. This offer was not accepted, and they were ordered to surrender unconditionally, depending on the clemency of the king, or death was denounced as their portion, the instant they were taken—Inflated with visionary ideas of the strength of the fortifications, and confident of the plenty which abounded from the stores of provision, which the provident Count had taken care to lay up, they bid defiance to regal authority, & dared them to the assault. Several petty conflicts were maintained with the banditti, who, though inferior in point of numbers, counterbalanced it by their ferocity, and several were killed on both sides. To conquer or die, was the maxim which the ruffian defenders of the castle constantly adhered to, and the soldiers of the royal party were unable to obtain any advantage. Finding they made but very little progress towards the object of their excursion, the leaders of the detachment determined upon a vigorous attempt to overcome all resistance. For this purpose they prepared torches, and incendiary brands, resolving to set fire to the castle, and bury its intimated inhabitants in the ruins. Humanity however induced them to make a final offer of conditional pardon, if they would give up the Count de Vauclan. The proposal was rejected by the banditti with disdain, for although dead to every sentiment of rectitude and humanity, the imaginary tie of honor bound them to the Count, and they resolved to procure his pardon, or perish with him.

Finding all attempts to induce the banditti to accept the extended pardon were futile, they prepared to carry the plan of burning the castle into execution. Having made every necessary preparation, the leaders of the troops assigned to each the party they were to act, and an hour after the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, the signal for the attack was given, by throwing a rocket from the General's tent. The soldiers rushed forward to the onset, brandishing their torches, and after a severe conflict, gained the outworks of the castle. In a short time the conflagration was general, and the gleams of light proceeding from it, added to the darkness which prevailed, rendered it a scene of horror. Having accomplished the design of setting the castle on fire, the troops retreated to guard all the outlets, that those who escaped the fury of the raging element, should fall by the avenging sword. A body of the banditti with the Count at their head, saluted from the castle to cut their way through the hostile party. But the principal part of them fell in the attempt, and among them the infamous de Vauclan.

Louis astounded as he perceived the flames burst-

ting from all parts of the castle, and the towering ramparts enveloped in smoke, approached the walls; the sally of the banditti had been made on a different side, and had not attracted his attention from the scene of ruin before him. While he was contemplating the destruction which was taking place, his attention was arrested by the sight of a person leaping from one rampart to another, to escape the threatening flames which pursued him, and in which he appeared to be almost involved. At length, by means of his surprising activity, he approached towards the place where Louis stood, but still at such a height, that his escape seemed almost impossible. He had considerably descended since Louis first noticed him, and now paused, apparently contemplating his flight from the ground, and dubious of his ability to reach it in safety. But the flames approaching, he sprung from the walls, and fell almost at the feet of Louis, who raised his arm to terminate his life, but an impulse of humanity induced him to spare it, if indeed he had not been killed by the fall. Louis laid his hand on his heart, and felt it beat. The horizon was illuminated by this conflagration, and as he inclined himself to see if the spark of life was extinguished, he observed the stranger was dressed differently from the common banditti. Strange emotions agitated his bosom, and "hope, the fond deceiver," fluttered round his heart. He approached to inspect the figure which lay prostrate before him, covered with dust, and stung with the fall. He gently raised him from the ground, and as the light gleamed on his ashy countenance, discovered him to be—his long lost brother Henry. Reader, conceive his sensations, for words cannot express them; no language could convey them to thee, though all the eloquence of Tully was exhausted to effect it. His astonishment almost surpassed conception. And he had not beheld him prostrate on the floor of his cell, his life's blood streaming from his bosom? had he not seen him a pallid corpse, the victim of fatal revenge? And now, did he not see him before him? did not his arms support him? All that had passed seemed as a fearful dream, the offspring of a disordered fancy. He called loudly for assistance, and had him conveyed into his tent, where they successfully endeavoured to restore him to existence, but he had received some very severe contusions from the fall, and his arm appeared considerably scorched. The next day, as soon as the dawn opposed its pleasing light to the more awful appearance of the castle, which exhibited one vast sheet of flame, our new found invalid was conveyed to the hospitable mansion of Mousieur Burton, where M. Dupont and Louis were studiously urged to take up their residence. A few weeks crowned the assiduities of the amiable surgeon and his friends with success, and they had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing their beloved Henry, whom they very naturally had long concluded, was traversing the regions of eternity, restored to all his former health and vigour. Happiness yet hoped was in store for them, since De Vauclan, the grand and only enemy to their happiness, had

the victim to the justice of his offended country. That was the moment no sartor in his senses would venture justice on the vice disorderly of the publick range; yet, the Duke of Aragon, with his usual humanity, ordered that the bodies of the beaten should receive decent burial; and every rite be performed in accordance to the forms of the Romish church, was necessary to remove all obstacles from their road to heaven. Soon after the bodies of these unfortunate wretches were committed to the embraces of their mother earth, the troops commenced their march to return to the camp, and the Duke retired to his castle to give from the filial assuage of his daughter, consolation for the unhappy death of his son. Ignorance frequently conduces more to our happiness than knowledge, and had the Duke known of the felonious design of his son, he would not have stood in need of any consolation. Henry, upon his restoration to his court, complained with the dire of his friends, and thus commenced the relation of his misfortune.

"Y<sup>o</sup>u, my kind friends, must certainly have been greatly astonished when you found my chamber vacant, and could perceive no trace of my having left the room; but your surprise could not have quelled mine, when about midnight, without any previous noise which would have announced the entrance of any person, (especially as the door was fastened with a) I saw by the light the lamp burning in the chimney affixed, a man standing by my bedside. I demanded his business in my chamber, at such an unseasonable hour, but he instantly drew a pistol from his pocket, and ordered me to dress immediately, and without noise, as the least attempt to alarm the family should be attended with death. Resistance was in vain, and I accordingly complied with his demand to silence, as soon as dressing was finished, he bade me attend him, and removing a panel in the partition, I discovered a secret door, which he opened, and we passed through. We now entered several apartments, which the sombre atmosphere, and decayed furniture, declared had been long deserted and resigned to the all-destroying hand of time. Here still holding the pistol in his hand, he led me to walk before him. Before we left the building, he was joined by several other fellows, whose countenances plainly denoted a villainous character, and that they were instruments to accomplish ill designs which I now could conceive. When we made an entrance from the mansion, we found a carriage standing, into which three of the ruffians entered with myself. We proceeded with an unceasing hurry. I knew not whither, but my heart sunk at the sight of the strange proceeding, and serious silence of my companions; until the coachman broke upon us, as we at last came out of a steep hill. At any other time, and in any other situation, I should have enjoyed the surrounding scenery with delight, but my mind was a prey to despondency; the most gloomy prospect appeared to me. In vain did I request of my conductors to inform me who I was to be led, or presented in uniform and uninterrupted silence, until when the leader of the party appeared to be, cautioned me to make no noise, as I might be instantaneously detected. I could not forbear taking a retrospective view of my former life and comparing it with my present terrible situation.

### Conclusion in our next...

## THE WOODMAN.

You ask who lives in yonder cot,  
- erect, where strangers seldom tread?  
A wo-dman there enjoys his lot,  
Who labours for his daily bread.  
In this lone forest wild and rude,  
He earns his meal by cutting wood.

No wife has he to whom confid'd,  
No child to bring perpetual care,  
No servant to perplex his mind,  
No friend his frug'd means share;  
A ne, and in a cheerful mood,  
He earns his bread by cutting wood.

From wealth and power he lives secure,  
Unknown beneath his humble roof  
Unsought, yet blest - content, though poor  
While every care he keeps aloof :  
Thus having naught we're which to bread,  
He spends his day in - cutting wood.

Soon as he views the rising sun,  
He eats his crust of coarse brown bread,  
Shoulders his hatchet and his gun,  
And thus by constant habit led,  
In that recess where oft he's st. ed,  
He still continues---cutting wood.

To him indifferent seasons roll,  
He values not the lapse of time,  
He only seeks to mould his soul,  
And fit it for a happier clime,  
Where pain and sorrow ne'er intrude,  
Where aon-hill cease from cutting wood.

Does not this peasant happier live,  
Than those who follow wealth and fame?  
Can these bestow what peace can give,  
Or raise to health the sickly frame?  
How best, indeed, who poor and good,  
Barns his brown load by—cutting wood.

AIR

BY A CHAMBERIAN INDIAN.

When shall we three meet again?  
When shall we three meet again?  
Oft shall glowing hope expire,  
Oft shall death and sorrow reign  
Ere we three shall meet again!

Though in distant lands we sigh,  
Parted beneath a boetic sky,  
Though the deep between us roll,  
Friendship shall unite our souls;  
Still in Fanny's rich domain  
O'er shall we three meet again.

When around this youthful vine  
Moss shall creap and ivy twine,  
When our burnished locks are grey,  
Thinnted by many a toil spent day;  
May this song live & bower reming,  
When none are three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,  
When its wasted lamp is dead,  
When in cold oblivion's shade  
Beauty, Power and Fame are laid,  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
Then may we three meet again!

EPIGRAPH.

**Quoth Bet.** Since I have thought at all,  
I've form'd this steadfast rule,  
Let whatever other ill befall,  
Never to wad a foot.

Says Jack, Then nothing can I fear,  
From celibacy save you to  
For, take my word for it my dear,  
None but a fool would have you.

A FRAGMENT.

While one part of mankind are busy in various  
occupations—while another buries down the stream  
of pleasure—who the husbandman toils—while the  
laborer is busy seeking for those pleasures which  
his heart is fond of—I, not knowing why, sit here  
in musing meditation, indulging pensive feelings—  
I have no substantial evil—I am not a wretch of po-  
tency, of shame, or disgrace—yet I feel heart ful-  
pains. My mind ranges through various scenes—I  
see the tenderest bonds of nature broken—I see  
bright prospects terminate in pain—I see an increas-  
ing care and infirmities—I see youth sink into an un-  
usually grave, while love betrays her hearing sighs.  
All this makes my feelings alive, and causes me a  
sympathy in the sorrows of others. This is no  
virtue—I can not but indulge it—it is of real use to my-  
self. It teaches me to know the imbecility of my  
own nature—it raises my heart to the Author of na-  
ture, from whom comes every thing good. Some-  
times this warmth of feeling, other's praise it. Some  
seem never to have a moment's gloom, while  
the countenance of others is sad and sorrowful. Pen-  
itiveness seems to afford the most agreeable sensations.  
The soul feels no chilling fears, nor yet does  
the bosom ache. The mind assumes an agreeable  
cast, and is filled with kindly pleasing thoughts—it  
leaves the dark shade and faint light of the solemn  
scene. The heart expands for all mankind—and Virtue,  
even in ruins, pleases most—the mind receives the  
dignity of woe. The mind is enlivened of solitude,  
and assumes a melancholy mood.

The tongue of folly condemns this dejection of spirits, while indifference is silent, and the mark of a tear is never seen on her cheek. Such a state of mind has been called affection; it has been derided by many—yet, derided and acute as are their art, O Sensibility! may I ever be thy child? May my ear never be deaf to thy voice? May my tongue never utter thy language! Thee I love, sweet friend of Sensibility! Thou keepest the soul alive to the most heavenly exertions—Thou fillst the bosom with those dearest sensations, which none but virtuous minds can ever feel. Heats under thy impression vibrate in poison. Let me ever seek thee, and never seek thee in vain.

I have often thought that though dress may justly be called a trivial thing, in itself, yet, that it deserved as the consideration of a philosopher who is generally imagined, as being no insuperable or unfaithful index of the mind. Those who are accurately, will certainly discover a connexion between many particulars in a man's dress and his peculiar disposition, temper and turn of thought, supposing his dress to be the choice of his own taste, and that he has not implicitly conformed to the manners of others, which must be first well considered; and, after all, a great variety of particulars must be examined before a certain judgment can be made; for there is such a thing as being above dress (in general or particular) and being equal to it, and being below it. However, a discerning eye will very often discover strong indications of character in dress— and it seems as if the same principle that directs a man in the clothing of his body, directs him also in furnishing out only his house, but his mind.

A Gentleman having engaged to fight a main of cocks, directed his feeder in the country to pick out two of the best, and bring them to town. Having made his selection, he put the two cocks into a bag, and brought them with him in the mail coach. When they arrived, it was found that upon their journey they had almost torn each other to pieces, on which the feeder was severely reprimanded for his stupidity. Indeed, said the honest fellow, I thought there was no risk of their faling out, as they were both gazing on one side.

MAXIM

Many a one, for the sake of finery on the baet, has gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their familiars. ' silk and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,' as poor Richard says.

# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 30, 1808.

The city Inspector reports the death of 43 persons (of whom 14 were men, 7 women, 21 boys, and 11 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. 6. apoplexy 1, casualty 1, consumption 9, convulsions 3, debility 1, decay 1, dropsy 2, fever albus 1, fever 4, inflammation of the lungs 1, inflammation of the brain 1, measles 2, mortification 1, pleurisy 4, quinsy 1, small pox 1, still born 1, sudden death 2, suicide by cutting the throat 1, teething 1, whooping cough 2, and 1 of worms.

The schooner Mary and Eliza, came on shore on Friday the 15th inst. 1 mile South of the light-house. The crew consisted of Capt. James Staine, his two sons, and three others; all of whom must have perished, as strict search has been made for them, but to vain.

We understand that eighteen of the unfortunate young men, belonging to Miranda's enter-prise, and who were captured by the Spaniards, late v<sup>o</sup> made their escape from the prison at Cartagena. Of this number 15 were un-happily taken. The remaining 3, we are informed, have fortunately reached the U. S. in good health.

Phil. Gazette.

ALBANY January 21.  
Distillery Burnt.

On the night of the 20th ult. the distillery of David Weston, a Geneva, was burnt, with all its apparatus. Two hours after, the distillery of Mr. Reed, in the same neighbourhood was burnt, with books, grain, &c. Another distillery in the county was burnt the same night; and one in Seneca county, belonging to Capt. Keener the night after. The hand of design appears evident in this mischief.

From the Political Register.

We have been politely favored with the following information by a gentleman lately arrived in this city from M<sup>rs</sup>trass.

A short time before I arrived at M<sup>rs</sup>trass (June 5) a very unhappy affair took place at a garrison some distance from M<sup>rs</sup>trass, in consequence of an order issued by Gen<sup>l</sup> Cradock, commander in chief there, to have the mustashes of all the native troops shaved off, and to commence with the oldest regiment on a certain day.

"There are no people on the earth more scrupulously nice in affairs of religion, than the natives of India, and rather than lose this mark of distinction, the soldiers to a man rose the evening preceding the intended operation, and in place of losing those few precious hairs, every officer lost head and hair; not an officer or of the regiment escaped except two or three that happened to be out on liberty. The troops then flew to their posts determined to defend themselves.

"The European troops in the neighbourhood were ordered to reduce the garrison, and in the attempt (although they succeeded eventually) a dreadful carnage ensued, the native (except a few) suffered cutting to pieces rather than an ignominious death, or the loss of that precious mark of their religion; the unfortunate fellows who fell into Christian hands were blown off at the cannon-mouth, except a very few reserved for trial and a more degrading execution.

"Gen. Cradock was ordered home I understand on account of this affair; and the native troops suffered to enjoy the privilege of wearing their mustashes."

There is now at a coach maker's, in Long-sere, two beautiful carriages of fanciful forms, with harnesses, for Christopher, the sable chief of Hayti. The arms are a sun rising from the sea, surrounded by bees, emblematical of a new nation rising by industry. The crest is a black holding the cap of liberty.

London paper.

THE SUBSCRIBER,  
Professor of Dancing and of the French Language  
Interpreter. Translator. &c. has established his  
Academy at Harmony hall in Barley, corner of Wil-  
liam street, where he exercises his profession.

Pupils for the French Language are attended at  
such hours of the day or evening as may suit their  
convenience.

The Dancing School is kept in the afternoon for  
masters, misses, and such as cannot attend at other  
times, and in the evening for grown persons of both  
sexes. The master has it in his power at almost any  
time of day or evening to attend on Ladies or Gentlemen,  
who, not having had the opportunity, in ear-  
ly life to acquire the polite accomplishment of dan-  
cing, would prefer being instructed in private, rather  
than at the public school. Ladies and gentlemen -  
sitting it, will be waited upon at their houses.

IGVACE C. FRAISIER

CISTERNS,  
Made and put in the ground complete, - warranted  
ight, by C. ALFORD  
No 15 Catherine street, near the Watch house

COMMISSION OFFICE,

101 Water street.

WILLET WARNE, Broker and Commission  
agent, buys and sells houses, lands, vessels, car-  
goes, stocks, country produce, merchandise and ev-  
ery other species of property on Commission. Per-  
sons wishing to sell, will please furnish maps, invento-  
ries, stamps, &c. and those who wish to purchase  
are invited to call.

For Sale,

A quantity of excellent wine glasses and tumblers,  
with which house-keepers may supply themselves at  
a very cheap rate by applying soon.

dec 26 984 t

25,000, 10,000, and 5,000 DOLLARS

HIGHEST PRIZE.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

Tickets in the SIXTH CLANS LOTTERY, for  
the Promotion of Literature at \$6 50, but will pos-  
sibly rise to seven next week.

MRS. TODD.

No 92 Liberty-Street, respectfully informs her  
friends and the public in general, that she has just  
received, and is now opening an elegant assortment  
of India and Scotch Muslins, via.

Fancy gown Patterns

Fine plain, laced and nanosso muslins

Walker, dotted mull muslins

Cold and silver worked turban kid shoes

Scotch elegant sewed and tamboured mull and lene  
robes

Fancy short dresses, Fracks.

Also, gunpowder, imperial, hyson and sushong  
teas, of the very best quality.

December 19 983 t.

ORAM'S ALMANACS

for 1808.

For sale at this Office.

Also Hutchinson's Almanacs

for 1808

by the grace dozen or single one.

RAGS.

Cash given for Clean Cotton and Linen Rags, at  
this Office.

## COURT OF HYMEN,

Blest be the pair whom sympathies unite,  
In the sweet bonds of conjugal delight.  
For them the fairest flowers of nature blow,  
For them the richest fruits of Ceres grow.  
Love, harm-ny and joy their paths attend,  
Their state is Paradise, and God their friend.

## MARRIED,

On Sunday evening 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lyon,  
Mr. Alexander Reed, Printer, to Miss Jane McCos-  
nochi

On Saturday the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bennett,  
of Middletown, Mr. Jacob S. Stout to Miss Cath-  
erine Schenck, of Sandy Hook.

On Thursday evening Jan. 21. by the Rev. Mr.  
John Abel, Mr. Thomas Anderson to Miss E. B.  
Bradford, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. John  
Stanford, Mr. Thomas Smith to Miss Sarah S.  
Whale, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr.  
Ward, Mr. Wm. Clark to Miss Ruth Ann Bell, both  
of this city.

## MORTALITY.

DEATH'S awful summoners each day appear,  
Each day their solemn warnings strike our ears;  
The new born infant and the aged sire,  
The blest and the unbless'd, alike expire.

## DIED,

On the 21st inst. Mr. Richard Dick, a native of  
Scotland.

On Saturday last, Mrs. Jane Chalmers, wife of  
Mr. James Chalmers, dyer, both of this city.

On Tuesday morning Mrs. Jane Riker, relict of  
the late Peter Riker, in the 77th year of her age.

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. Ann Beach, wife of the  
Rev. Dr. A. Beach.

On Tuesday night, after a long and painful illness,  
Mrs. Abigail Bradford.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. John W. Brown, Editor  
of a paper printed in that place. His death is said  
to have taken place in consequence of a wound  
which he received from one Burnet, by a bullet, for  
refusing to give up the name of the author of a  
piece, which appeared in Mr. Brown's paper.

This day is published, and for sale by

M. HARRISON,

No 3 Peck-slip.

A NEAT EDITION OF

THE WILD IRISH GIRL;

A National Tale,

BY MISS OWENSON.

JUST PUBLISHED

And for sale at this office,

THE DISCARDED SON

ON THE

HAUNTS OF THE BANDITI,

By Maria Regina Rosina.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### CANTING.

**T**HOUDY most men are different, yet search man  
And all have a *Can* in whatever they do—  
Maryam, examine that muslin, the Shepkeener says,  
Who has installed in Cornhill such things all his days;  
"Tis as fine as a *haw*, and as thick as a *board*,  
And more money in London cost, Matam,—on my  
word.

Thus praising their goods, they all lie and rant,  
But never believe them, for 'tis but their *cost*.

**C**all the Doctor, and lo! he puts on a grave face,  
Hem, Sir, I assure you a very bad case;  
I should have been sent for before; but no doubt  
My skill and my pills the disease can drive out.  
Off'st this wonderful cure too, much he will vaunt,  
Perhaps true, perhaps not, 'tis only his *cost*.

**A**pply to the Lawyer, behold he will quote  
What my Lord Coke has stated, or Littleton wrote,  
He will prate of reprieves, demurrers, and *cost*,  
And an action so mang'd can never be lost.  
The continuall and proflit he will want,  
And will pocket his fees—for that is his *cost*.

**T**he Soldier will tell you the perils he's seen,  
The sieges and battles in which he has been;  
Of the wounds he received, and the feats he has done,  
And no music to him's like the roar of a gun.  
A *last* of *last* story must fully be grant,  
For the rest—a soldier sometimes has his *cost*.

**T**he Critic will snarl, That line is too long,  
And the subject of this is too grave for a song;  
Then the style Ob-*in*-flat—the metric, the *worries*,  
But we may put any thing now into verse,  
To seek out a blunder or fault will pant,  
And cavil for words—for 'tis but his *cost*.

**A**uthor exclaims, "I'm losing one's time,  
To employ it in prose, or in fashioning rhymes  
If good or if bad, yet still 'tis in vain,  
For the author no money nor praise can obtain;  
No judges of merit or taste are extant,  
Are not all poets poor—and that is his *cost*.

**T**he Coquet too will say,—I pray you be gone,  
I ne'er was before with a man all alone;  
What will the world say? I hate you so go;  
Nay, don't be affronted, I did not mean so;  
About *curse* and honour too, much she will rant,  
You all must allow a coquet has her *cost*.

**T**he Buck will yawn and cry what a bore,  
I never saw the town half so stupid before;  
I've not had a move for at least nor' four days,  
And then so fatiguing are all our dull plays,  
Then the girls—my dear Jack not a smile will now  
grant,  
Tis so cursed provoking—and that's a Buck's *cost*.

**I**if you speak but of London, or any thing int',  
The fresh return'd Traveller quick takes the hint,  
Excuse me—it is not so—I hope you'll allow  
My right—for I've been there, and therefore must  
know.

Of the wonders he has seen too, much will he want,  
And most tiresome of all is the Traveller's *cost*.

**E**ditor says, "Lines to *P*\* are on file,  
\*On Sleep," is in rather too sleepy a style.  
With personalities we never concern us,  
And must therefore refuse the essay of Alvernum;  
Of dulness like "R. P." we're never in want,  
And much more he says—for 'tis but his *cost*.

### TEETH.

**N**atural and Artificial Teeth replaced on improved  
plans in the very best manner, at moderate prices by  
J. Greenwood, Artist in the *Line Dental*, No. 16  
West street opposite St Paul's Church-yard.

### MORALIST.

### MORAL LECTURE.

**T**his mortal must pass on immortality.  
1 Cor. xx. 35.

**T**his to be sure is a very extraordinary proposition, and one which severely exercises the mind of every rational believer. To be told, that the body of man, which is sustained by food, grows to perfection, decays, dies, and corrupts like that of other animals, will hereafter be resurrected and made a glorious and imperishable body is a doctrine so contrary to present observation, that the devout immediately rejects it. But the marks of authenticity and truth which it bears convert him of extreme temerity. At least it merits a vigorous examination. Of all the proofs, there are several, which are brought to its support, the weightiest and brightest is the resurrection of Christ. This argument, which is managed with great force in the contest, lies in a small compass, and is easily apprehended. It is principally contained between the twelfth and twentieth verses, and, be sure of it this, if there shall be no resurrection of the virtuous whence the resurrection of Jesus Christ? If Jesus Christ did not rise from the dead, your faith in the gospel is vain, if your faith in the gospel is vain, we apostles are of all men the greatest liars, and of all liars the greatest fools. For what do we gain by our false testimony and absurd doctrine? Mockings, scourgings, bonds, and imprisonment! In defence of this system of folly and fanaticism, our lives are every moment in jeopardy; and we have too many reasons to believe, that a firm adherence to our cause, and on this we are determined, will finally subject us to the shame, agonies, and death of our master. No, Christians, our cruel sufferings and still more horrid expectations prove the truth of our testimony which prove the truth of the gospel, which incites the reality of Christ's resurrection, which proves the possibility and certainty of yours, and is the deep and immovable foundation of your heavenly hopes.

Weak is the excuse that is on custom built—  
The use of sinning lessone not the guilt.

ROBERT BOYLE.

\*Stop for a moment!—carefully consider, then that has thus long continued the career of corruption and sacrificed the soul at the shrine of sin and folly. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. Dost thou dare to tempt omnipotence, or violate his holy law written also in thy heart? At tend to the still, small voice of conscience, poor cowardly creature! whose existence depends on his will, and life is but a span: thou knowest not the morrow shall be thine. What hast thou to plead? A vice without a gratification! This nature, grown greatly beneath the sun of avarice, I dash for thy fasts fully and crave help for thy future amendment, of him who can again renew thee! Institute thyself into virtuous freedom. Truth needs no tattered ornaments to adorne; but, simply arrayed, it sweetly persuades. The God of truth even Christ, who is the willing redeemer hath commanded his followers, "Swear not at all!" Forake the foolish; and have a new life, even to his glory; for time is short, and all goeth uncertain.

### DURABLE INK

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN.  
Which nothing will discharge without destroying  
the Linen, for sale at this office.

EMBROIDERING CHINELLES,  
ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SMADIES, for sale  
at No. 104 Maiden-lane.

### TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY  
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,  
49, LONDON,  
At the Sign of the Golden Rose,  
NO. 116 BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies, named Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash Ball far superior to any other for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4s and 6s each.

Genleman's Mornomee Proughes for travelling, that holds at the shaving apparatus complete in a small compact box.

Bottles of Roses for anointing.

Smith's improved Chemical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving with printed directions. 3s 4s 6s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out of turning grey 4s and 6s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted.

Smith's double scented Rose 2s 6d.

Smith's Savonette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4s and 6s per pot, do paste.

Smith's Cymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almost powder for the skin 2s per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glazing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatum in a jar or roll. Doled do 3s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2s and 4s per box.

Smith's Lot on for the teeth warranted.

His pured Alpine Shaving Cakes, made on Chemical principles to help the operation of shaving 4s and 1s 6d.

Smith's elaborated Corn Plaster 5s per box.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mould.

\* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strips, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pin-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

January 1, 1808.

### JEWELRY.

At No. 200 Broad-st.

EDWARD ROCKWELL, informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to No. 200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuall of their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his interest to his business will fully meet with their approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold earrings, brooch pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl, plain and enamel'd, and of every fashion; hair work, necklace, and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chain, watch chains, seals and keys, &c. &c. He has also silver sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to the business of business, which are too numerous to mention: he will sell at the lowest price, and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory to be equal to any.

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